

Black-ey'd Susan.

To which is added

17.

GRAUNE WALE,



LIMERICK.

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Bridge-Street, formerly Quay-Lane

Oh, Susan! Susan! lovely dear;
My vows shall ever true remain;
Let me kiss off that falling tear;
We only part to meet again;
Change as ye list, ye winds, my heart
 shall be,
The faithful compass that still points to thee
 Believe not what the Land-men say
Who tempt with doubts thy constant mind
They'll tell thee, sailors, when away,

In every port a mistress find;
 Yes, believe them, when they tell thee so,
 For thou art present, wherefoe'er I go.

If to far India's coast we sail,
 Thy eyes are seen in diamonds bright;
 Thy breath is Afric's spicy gale,
 Thy skin is ivory so white;
 Thus every beauteous object that I view,
 Wakes in my soul some charm of lovely
 Sue.

Tho' battle calls me from thy arms,
 Let not my pretty Susan mourn;
 Tho' cannons roar, yet safe from harms,
 William shall to his dear return; (fly
 Love turns aside the balls that round me
 Lest precious tears should drop from
 Susan's eye,

The Boatswain gave the dreadful word,
 The sails their swelling bosoms spread,
 No longer must she stay on board,
 They kiss'd she sigh'd, he hung his head;
 Her lessening boat unwilling roes to land.
 Adieu she cried and wav'd her lily hand,
 William's Return.

AS thro' a grove I took my way,
 Sweet recreation for to take;
 There black-ey'd Susan fair and gay,
 For her true-love, sad moan did make,
 By a sweet bower near a pleasant green,
 Dress'd like a goddess or a beauteous queen,
 To this fair maid with comfort fill'd,

I went to ease her of her smart.
 But when my person she beheld,
 She said, kind sir. I pray depart,
 What business have you here to trouble me
 Or to be scoffing at my misery,

Sweet lovely mistress of the grove,
 Why should I make a scoff of thee,
 I do perceive you are in love,
 And I could wish it were with me.
 Sweet lovely creature tell me but thy name
 For your sweet charms my senses doth
 inflame,

Susan that is my name said she,
 Who am oppress'd with grief and woe,
 For my sweet William is gone to sea,
 And where he is I do not know.
 My jewel's absence fills my eyes with tears
 I have not seen him now these five years,

Mistress Susan I protest,
 I think I know the same young man,
 Mas not he a mole upon his breast,
 Likewise his name is William Lamb,
 And if it be the same I'll tell thee plain,
 That all your tears are spent in vain,

That is the man that is my dear,
 Pretty sweet Susan did reply,
 You make me tremble for to hear,
 Of sweet William's inconstancy,
 But such a thing can surely never be,
 For he admires none else but me,

That's your mistake sweet Susan fair,

or I can make you undrestand,
 That William's married in new England,
 And since he's raised to a high degree,
 Therefore forget him since he's false to thee.

If this be true what you have said,
 Then all my joys are laid aside,
 I am a poor forlorn maid,
 No other shall make me his bride,
 Since Williams false a maid I'll die,
 But still my heart does in his bosom lie,

All happiness attend my dear,
 Where e'er he goes by land or sea,
 My love to him is still sincere
 Tho' he has proved false to me,
 Yet let sweet William use me as he will,
 I cannot chuse but love sweet William
 still.

I could be glad with all my heart,
 To see sweet William once again,
 Then I my my mind would soon impart,
 To him that breaks my heart in twain,
 And she who is his bride, I love her too,
 Tho' he is false my love to him tis true.

Susan's Wedding.

WILLIAM. hearing Susans loyalty,
 Tears down his cheeks did drop again,
 Into her arms he straight did fly,
 Saying why should my love complain,
 I am thy William joined to thee by oath,
 Nothing but death shall ever part us both,
 Susan behold on my right breast,

You know there grows a certain mole,
 Let not thy heart be fore oppress'd,
 Here is the broken piece of gold,
 Which we did break upon a certain day,
 When we parted and I sailed away,
 Sorrow and hardship I then went through,
 While I was on the raging main,
 Now to my best beloved Sue,
 I am returned safe again,
 No more I'll cross the raging ocean wide,
 But live in pleasure with my lovely bride.
 Susan then in a swoon did faint,
 At William's feet I do declare,
 Soon he revived his charming faint,
 This was a joyful happy pair,
 William and Susan quickly pass'd along,
 To Plimouth where multitudes did throng,
 Twenty Sailors brave and bold,
 Twenty sailors in rich array,
 A glorious sight for to behold,
 Music play'd sweetly all the way,
 To accompany the bride and bridgroom
 there;
 Now they're joined a sweet and happy
 pair.



GRAUNE WALE

A COURTIER called Dorset from
 Pargate set sail,

In his Majesty's yatch for to court Graune
Wale.

With great entertainments he thought to
prevail

And ride the chatms of Graune Wale.

C H O R U S

Sing bubbro duddro Graunne Wale,

The fox in the trap was caught by the
tail.

Come fill up your bumpers and boys ne-
ver fail,

Drink a health to the Sons of Graune
Wale,

Says Dorset to Graune if that you will
do,

Bring your children to London we will do
for them to;

Tis there you'll meet pleasures that never
will fail,

We will laurel your shamugs says Graune
Wale;

Says Grawne to Dorset if that I would
do,

Bring my fortune to London my children
they'd rue.

They would be like highlanders eating
green keal,

And cursing the union of old Grawne
Wale.

Says Graune I always was loyal to my
King.

war I supplied him with money and
men

With boys that had courage and never
did fail,

A death India battle says old Graune Wale
Did not you see the stone that Graune
put in,

In the heart of our church by the leave of
our King,

This stone shall be taken and weighed in
a scale,

And ballance with justice says Graune
Wale.

Now my boys we have got rid of the
Bugs,

My children I'd have you look clofe to
your Rugs,

They will bite like a snake and they'll
bite I'll be bail.

We'll tip them Sheatela says Graune Wale

F I N I S